



### LONG-FELT WANTS.

MR. AND MRS. OPPIT'S HOUSE-PARTY ARE REQUESTED TO REGISTER ANY COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE MANAGEMENT IN THE BOOK PROVIDED FOR THAT PURPOSE.

### FROM THE SCIENTIFIC SCRAP-HEAP.

A WELL-KNOWN engineer whose name is a household word in sewage circles declares that the continued inhalation of sewer gas in a concentrated form cannot be too strongly discouraged on the score of health.

Breathing is the chief source of vitiation of the atmosphere, and if people could only be taught to consume their own breath political meetings, etc., would be much more enjoyable.

Parents cannot be too careful about the nature of the sweets they allow their little ones to consume. A Wolverhampton food inspector recently obtained samples which proved to be made of ferro-concrete,

which, though undoubtedly fire-resisting, is apt to injure the coating of a tender stomach.

Few people are aware that when there are no matches in the house fire can be obtained by rubbing two sticks vigorously together—but it takes longer.

Brown-paper can readily be cut under water with an ordinary pair of scissors. Care should be taken that both paper and scissors are entirely submerged, as the success of the experiment depends largely on the absence of vibration.

If crossing the Channel does not make you sick, try soap, followed by ground mustard and grease in warm water—or other mucilaginous drinks.

Ice one-sixteenth of an inch thick will support a crowd of people—if

there is a good substantial pavement underneath.

It is said that the blood corpuscles contained in the human body, if placed end to end, would reach four times round the globe; but no one as yet has had the hardihood to test this assertion by practical experiment.

### The Limit.

"It added fresh interest to the occasion that the Communion vessels were used for the first time after having been electro-plated in a chaste manner by Mr. J. R. S.—jeweller, Bervie."—*United Free Church of Scotland Monthly Record*.

"Wanted in a Merchant's Office a well-educated, gentlemanly Youth, with a knowledge of shorthand if possible."

If such a conjunction is impossible, shorthand must be an even more demoralising pursuit than we supposed.

## TO A TOAST-MASTER.

PREPOSTEROUS relic of a golden day  
 When living programmes, bellowing all they knew,  
 Announced a knighthood fretting for the fray,  
 So that the ring might gather who was who—  
 Which habit yet persists  
 In you, the herald of the after-dinner lists;—  
 How I abhor you, posed behind the Chair,  
 A self-appointed patron of the feast,  
 Much as a rooster stands, with pompous air,  
 Upon his midden and acclaims the East;  
 How I abhor to hear  
 Your throaty tones, intolerable chanticleer;  
 Your unctuous tongue, the haunt of turtle fat,  
 Mouthing the qualities of Duke and Lord,  
 And your "Pray silence for Sir This or That,  
 Which cuts the stillness like a rusty sword,  
 And makes the wretched Bart  
 Mislay the opening pleasantry he had by heart.  
 Perchance I rise to pledge the Flag, and then  
 You interrupt me, just about to sip,  
 With that absurd "My Lords and Gentlemen,  
 The toast is 'Greater Britain.' Hip! Hip!! Hip!!!"  
 Which always puts me off  
 So that I have no stomach left to cheer or quaff.  
 At times I feel that I could kill you dead.  
 I find my fingers toying with a knife.  
 Then suddenly there courses through my head  
 A wave of pity—Heavens, what a life!  
 And I become quite sorry  
 For one who suffers such a deal of oratory.  
 If I can hardly bear it who attend  
 These public orgies once or twice *per ann.*,  
 What must it be for you who, years on end,  
 Endure the strain (I marvel how you *can!*)  
 Of night-by-night discourses  
 Touching the merits of our Military Forces?  
 Maybe your manner, masterful and loud,  
 Is meant to hide a heart reduced to stone;  
 Maybe your starched front is but a shroud  
 For something tragic, if the truth were known;  
 A kind of hollow crater  
 With cold remains of what was once a human waiter.  
 So in my finger-glass I weep by stealth,  
 Musing upon the irony of Fate,  
 That you, who call the toast of others' health,  
 Should be yourself in such a morbid state—  
 Your breast, once warm inside,  
 Now, through incessant speeches, badly petrified.

O. S.

## "HUNT-THE-CRUISER."

(The New Naval Game.)

THE British Consul at Zanzibar was recently obliged to ask assistance from a German cruiser to aid in quelling a disturbance, as, thanks to the new Naval system, there was no British warship within several hundred miles. At the time of the Jamaica earthquake, it will be remembered, a week elapsed before one of our ships arrived. This delightful game of "Hunt-the-Cruiser" need not be confined to any particular season or spot, but can be played all the year round and very nearly all the world round.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN CONTRALTO.

WE reached Queen's Hall some time after the concert had started, and could not get a programme. Just as we sat down, a lady in a rather fetching black dress and hat came on to the platform, smiling, and MONTY and I joined in the clapping because one could see she was a nice girl. She started her song on a long note like a 'cello.

"Lady tenor," said MONTY in an undertone. "What d'you call 'em? Contralto. I like those dirty things."  
 "I'm rather taken with the piano-man," I said.  
 "I always admire a chap who knows how to use his weight."

"A very hearty fellow. That cross-counter of his is quite a pretty hit. And do you notice that, when he gets in with both fists at once in the bass, the other end of the piano jumps in the air?"

"Dry up, dry up. Hark to *Dairymaid*."

We listened hard all through the other verses till the finish, and it was really worth while.

"Plenty good, isn't she, though?"

"Oh, not so dusty," said MONTY. "I wish she wouldn't sing in French."

"Italian. Didn't you hear the 'o's' at the ends of all the words?"

"No, no. Those were the French 'e's' that they leave over when they sing, and pronounce 'uh.' I'll lay you a level guinea about it."

"These sporting offers of yours— Well, I'll go you half-a-crown. Who's got a programme?"

Somebody behind, with an oily voice, remarked: "Allow me to say that both of you gentlemen are mistaken. The song was in German. I am well acquainted with it."

This was in the nature of a crusher. We both said, "German, of course;" and MONTY remembered some reference to Hinterland or Kindergarten in the first half. Then a little old man behind the oily one began croaking.

"It is a German song, I freely admit; but if you will study the programme for a moment you will observe an English version printed beside the other; and that is the one Miss ROBINSON sang, for I followed every word from the book."

## THE MISSING LETTER.

The *Daily Mail* recently contained an advertisement of *The Stopping Ady*, by MAURICE HEWLETT, and we suggest to publishers that they should attract the notice of the Limerick-loving public by drawing up their lists on "The Missing Letter" plan. As an example we append a list of our own:—

"The Square Eg," by W. E. NORRIS.

"Fairies I have Et," by Mrs. STAWELL.

"Great Golfers in the Aking," by JAMES BRAID and Others.

"The Golden Owl," by HENRY JAMES.

"My Lady of Hims," by FLORENCE WARDEN.

"The Broken Oad," by A. E. W. MASON.

"Ally Ho!" by HELEN MATHERS.

"A Book of Aricatures," by MAX BEERBOHM.

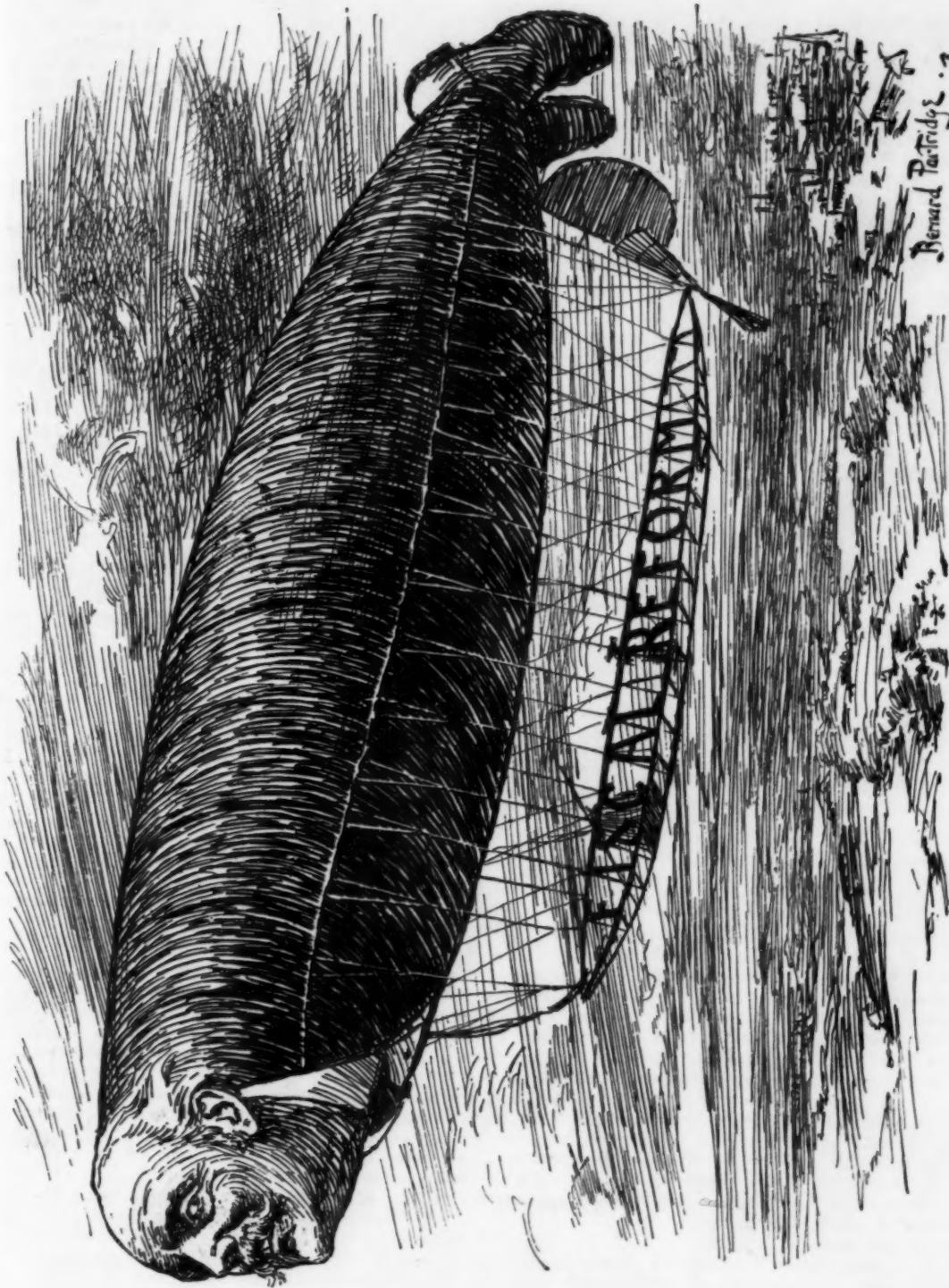
"The Secret Gent," by JOSEPH CONRAD.

"He," by RIDER HAGGARD.

"The Kipper's Wooing," by W. W. JACOBS.

"Talkey & Co.," by RUDYARD KIPLING.

"The Wrong Ox," by R. L. STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Bernard Partridge.

### THE ESCAPED "CAPTIVE."

THE INDURICIBLE AIRSHIP "ARTHUR B." (SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "NULLI JUCUNDUS"), AFTER TOUCHING AT BIRMINGHAM AND BUMPING, LAST MONDAY, AGAINST DEVONPORT, HAS ONCE MORE ESCAPED INTO THE NEBULOUS INANE.







Cabby. "No good talkin' to a blackguard like 'im, Guv'nor. Take 'is bloomin' number!"

### HENRY'S IDEA

#### OF SOCIAL SOLECISMS.

RUSHING into HENRY's rooms the other day to talk to him about the M.C.C., I knocked into his piano, and for the hundredth time told him what a fool he was to put it just inside the door. He looked up calmly from the book he was reading.

"Please be careful of the pianoforte," he said, "and don't swear in front of Lady Grove. Surely you know that only the young ladies say 'Damn' nowadays?"

"I keep on telling you," I went on, "that if you put the thing there—"

"The pianoforte is, as usual, in its proper place, and the port-wine is on the sideboard."

"Oh, shut up about your beastly

pianoforte. What is that book? *Manners for Mayors?* or *Polite Conversation for Gentlewomen?*"

HENRY referred to the title.

"It is called," he said, "*The Social Fetich*, by Lady Grove, and it tells you what you must say and what you mustn't say if you want to be received in Society; and I'm very much afraid that you and I, dear friend, will not be there. They will miss us, ADOLPHUS, they will miss us, but it will then be too late. How do you pronounce 'envelope'?"

"Like that."

"I thought so. Poor fellow. His manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of VERE DE VERE. It ought to be 'enveloppe.' What do you do with your mid-verbal 'h's'?"

"What are 'mid-verbal h's'?"

"I don't know. I think you apply for them when you want to leave Parliament. Oh no, those are Chiltern Hundreds. Sacred to the memory of ADOLPHUS, who was cut for giving full value to his mid-verbal 'h's.' P.S.—He said 'pot-house' when he ought to have said 'potouse.'"

HENRY wiped away a tear, and turned over the pages of his book.

"You must never sit in the middle of a hansom, and if you do you mustn't call it the centre. I can understand that, but I shouldn't think it's really much good as a test. I mean quite a lot of people must slip into Society over that. For instance, Lord DALMENY always takes middle and leg rather than centre and leg, but then so do all the professionals. Yet I'm practically certain that at least one of them

wouldn't be a winner on 'enveloppes.' Again, you must never talk about 'corsets' and 'chemises.' (I'm not sure that I ought to have read this book.) Call them 'stays' and 'shifts,' like an Englishman. Now, I should think that that ostracises quite a lot of decent people—people who belong all right to the Anti-Corset League, but haven't paid their subscriptions yet to the other one. On the other hand, the really important by-law that a cup of tea should be filled so full that there is no room left for the milk lets in practically all the A.B.C. and British Tea Table staff. Let us hope they would get ploughed on the *vivâ-voce*.

"Whenever I read a book I always try to imagine the author to myself. Now I have been thinking about Lady GROVE, and I have begun to feel very sorry about it all. Hers must be a hard life—full of disappointments. Suppose that some strange man takes her in to dinner. He begins to talk about music or pictures or people or something, carefully avoiding mid-verbal 'h's' and any reference to hansom-cabs. Desert comes, and it is still a question whether he is beyond the pale or not. Lady GROVE accordingly proceeds to business. 'Do you,' she asks him, 'play the—er—violin?' Of course she wants to put the pianoforte test on him, but he replies perhaps that the flute is his instrument. 'Where are you now?' she tries again. 'Are you in the country?' 'Yes,' he says quite safely, because, after all, there can only be one way of pronouncing 'yes.' Of course if he had said, 'No, in town,' he would have been done—cut for ever after for not saying 'London.' But the hostess is rising; it is no time for half-measures. Hurriedly Lady GROVE puts her last question: 'Do you say envelope or onvelope?' 'Onvelope,' he says, hoping for the cocoanut. She draws herself up to her full height and sweeps away from him.

"And I do think," said HENRY bitterly, "that it is terrible to think of the numbers of decent men and women who have passed unscathed through the pianoforte and teacup ordeals, only to be biffed on 'envelopes.'"

"Ought you to say 'biffed'?" I asked mildly.

"I am not sure," said HENRY. "Lady GROVE is very keen on the purities of the English language and the value of a refined ear; but she comes some pretty bad croppers herself now and then. For instance, she jeers at a writer for making one of

his cockneys say, 'I'm orf,' and asks how else you could pronounce it. Well, I'm not much on these things myself, but I should have thought that an ear sufficiently refined to write this book could have distinguished between 'awf' and 'orf.' She has a passing flick at the boulder who could use 'like' with a verb, but she herself gives us a very pleasant 'and which,' and (in another place) a sentence which has no principal verb at all. Also she talks about a thing being *en évidence*, and uses freely that horrible word 'somewhat.' And, while we are on the refined taste business, I must remind you to read the humorous reference to ELIJAH going up to heaven. I am not going to argue about its merits, but it really is a fact, and I think that Lady GROVE ought to know it, that that style of joke is extraordinarily popular in the suburbs, Balham and places which she has probably never heard of—suburbs, mark you, full of women who have 'nightdress-cases.'"

"But surely," I said, "it is very kind of Lady GROVE to lower herself to our level now and then. She has, no doubt, written her book with the idea of restoring the 'outcast,' and in order to help she has first to stoop."

"Unfortunately she doesn't always tell the outcast what to do. For instance, she says (with a shudder) that certain ladies 'probably place their husbands' cards in the hall as they leave the house.' Now, how are the poor things to know where they went wrong? Is the emphasis on the *husbands* or the *cards*, or the *hall* or the *leave*? The ways of Society are strange. Would it, I can hear them asking, be all right if they placed their *brothers'* cards or their husbands' *hats* in the—bathroom (?) as they *entered* the house?"

HENRY filled and lit a pipe, and sat smoking thoughtfully.

"Well," he said at last, "women do funny things, and so, I suppose, Lady GROVE has written this book. After all, it won't hurt *us* much. We shall worry on as before. You see, we aren't women and we aren't husbands, and so we don't mind. I think it is the husbands I pity most."

"Why?"

"Well, most husbands have some business or other to attend to. They do tell me that even in the very highest circles some of the husbands are directors of companies. In the home, no doubt, such men would pass all the tests, would be in with all the very best people. But in the

City—I suppose they would have to go to the City now and then?—they would mix with commoner men. I don't know what directors do, but it might so happen that they would have to write a letter. Perhaps they would have to ask some inferior for an—

"Ah, well, the double life!"

A. A. M.

### WANTED—PROTECTION.

[In an address given at The Tribune Book Exhibition, allusion was made to the hardship of living authors who have to compete with the dead.]

WHY so bare the board beside me?

Why my hearth so cold and dead?

Wherefore should my bosom flutter

When I've butter

With my bread?

Why is sacred fame denied me?

Why am I forbidden to

Join the poets, peers and sages

In the pages

Of *Who's Who*?

See the slim green tomes before you

Filled with many a master line,

Epics, tragedies—*Othellos*

And *Sordellos*—

All are mine.

*Nulla non donandus lauru*—

Well to me the words apply,

For I am in truth a poet—

Who should know it

If not I?

I alone can fairly prize them,

I alone can judge their art;

Every glowing phrase I minted,

Each is printed

On my heart.

No one else can criticise them—

It would simply be absurd—

For there's no one, fool or clever,

Who has ever

Read a word.

Why am I so sore neglected?

'Tis that I am undersold,

Faced with undeserved disaster

By the master

Minds of old.

MILTON is no more affected

By the thought of author's fees;

SHAKESPEARE cannot eat, and therefore

Doesn't care for

Royalties.

Thought of tailor never vexes

Poets who have joined the Blest;

Butcher, baker, tax-collector—

No such spectre

Haunts their rest.

I have endless little exes

On this hither side of Styx;

Penny buyers they may sing to,

I must cling to

Four-and-six.



## THE NARROWING YEARS.

THERE is one bell whose solemn toll,  
Re-echoing from door to door,  
Inspires regret that years should  
roll,  
And makes me pine to be once  
more  
The hopeful little specimen  
I was at ten.

'Tis not the mellow minster chime  
That gives me that internal pain,  
Nor golden memories of a time  
When, pilgrim to some rural fane,  
I suffered penance in a shirt  
And boots that hurt.

'Tis not the cadence that recalls  
Young England to her half-cooked  
sums;  
However deeply manhood palls,  
I crave no more with chosen  
chums  
To take the print of Culture warm  
Across a form.

But when through wild deserted  
squares  
(Oblivious of the local ban)  
I hear submit his sheeted wares,  
Shy trafficker! the muffin-man,  
'Tis then I hunger to resume  
My boyhood's bloom.

Behold the infant, when he eyes  
Those humid and unwholesome  
spheres,  
Dissolve in buttered ecstasies!  
What knows he of the coming  
years  
When wisdom's tooth would light-  
lier plunge  
Into a sponge?

Alas that with a widening girth  
Capacity should grow less free!  
Where is the unaffected mirth  
That used to hail a monstrous tea?  
The crumpets of a balmier day,  
Oh, where are they?

There is another mystery in con-  
nection with the "Druce case",  
which has yet to be solved. Accord-  
ing to *The Westminster Gazette*:

"Mr. Atherley-Jones reverted to the name  
of the ship by which she returned from  
America, and asked whether witness, who was  
then fourteen years was. Witness said she  
could not."

This is most unsatisfactory.

"Mr. Churchill has told the Nandi chiefs  
that the land is theirs for ever. He has left  
for Uganda."—*Reuter*.

It looks as if the Nandi chiefs had  
heard of some of his election pledges.



Butcher. "THIS ONE, MUM?"

Old Lady. "No."

Butcher. "THIS ONE? THIS ONE?"

Old Lady. "No. No."

Butcher. "JUST TELL ME WHEN I'M GETTIN' WARM, LADY!"

## Money Matters.

We extract the following gem from  
an article by Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA  
MONEY, M.P., in *The Morning  
Leader*. The scene is a civic ban-  
quet at Munich, which Mr. MONEY  
attended.

"Then uprose my good friend, Max Nonnen-  
bruch, artist and good fellow, clad in a majestic  
robe of purple and with a chaplet bound to his  
manly brows. And this is what he recited to  
us about German beef:

Beef rises daily on Exchange,  
For flesh there's none, so that of late  
I'm glad I'm not a magistrate  
To sweat of care for what's to eat  
When Michael's stomach cries for meat.  
Such dainties now we serve on gold,  
And, Britons, all, let it be told:  
Our German Beef as gold is rare!  
We're indebted for this to our Govern-  
ment's care!"

May we congratulate Mr. MONEY

on his very feeling translation of a  
pretty little poem? These trans-  
lations from the German are not  
easy. Mr. MONEY himself, as anyone  
can see, has real poetic skill—the  
way he dodges a rhyme for "Ex-  
change" is enough to show that.  
It is of course an axiom among  
political economists that "Money  
makes money," and that last line of  
his causes us to feel that he would  
do it very well at Limericks.

## Smithfield Martyrs.

It is rumoured that a novel feature  
of the Smithfield Club's Show this  
year will be a display of fat cattle-  
driving by the Hon. WALTER ROTH-  
SCHILD, but there is no confirmation  
of the report that the Irish agitator,  
Mr. GINNELL, M.P., has been speci-  
ally engaged to incite him.

### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*By Aunt Slopover, assisted by her Charming Little Daughter.*

ONCE again my table groans beneath a generous supply of review copies of delightful books for the dear children, which directly I have glanced at I shall pack off to the second-hand bookseller's; and once again I must remind you, dear modern child, of your good fortune in being born and brought up in such a time as this, when hundreds of clever men and women are toiling all the year with pen and pencil, just to make you laugh for five minutes at Christmas. For I take it that five minutes is as much as is given to any of these myriad volumes, of which, of course, you cannot have too many.

I pick at random from the huge bundle a gaily-covered little volume in the "Stodgy Series of Clever Idiocy for Babes," without which no nursery is complete. It is called *The Boptious Borrygosh*, and is a perfect mine of charming fun and fancy. The text is by Mr. WIGGLESWORTH FREKE, so well known for his more serious work; and the pictures are by his charming daughter, Miss IRENE FREKE, who has already made a name for herself at the Slade.

How nice to think of father and daughter thus laying their gifted heads together for the amusement of the nursery.

Another book which no nursery should be without is *The Wild Wumpsimums*, the irresistibly comic history of the *Wumpsimums* family of children—six boys and six girls—who get into one long and delirious series of fascinating scrapes. How I envy you, dear child, your joy as you read this book, which out-Carrolls CARROLL and out-Lears LEAR in every direction. Not that that is a particularly difficult thing to do, for it is said by someone of every writer of nonsense to-day, but I use the phrases deliberately and am prepared to stand by them. You must

certainly pester your parents or relatives for *The Wild Wumpsimums* until you get it.

I can heartily welcome also the brilliant satires on Parliamentary life, etc., etc., contained in *Rollicking Rhymes and Muddled Morals*, by Mr. CLICQUOT, most gifted of living wits. No child can fail to be completely enchanted by these high-spirited attacks on British snobbery and insularity, with their convulsing pictures of Mr. LEONIDAS FLACK. Long as these gentlemen have been in collaboration, they have done nothing so good as this. In fact

they would write some new ones about those people, and some more stories like *Peter Pan* and *Alice*. But I like these new books very much indeed. I cannot have too many. I read twenty a day.

#### II.

Here is a book about the dear old nursery rhymes, *Hey-diddle-diddle*, and *Where are you going to, my pretty maid?* and others. The pictures are most pretty—most pretty and funny. I need not tell you anything more now, because you know these nursery rhymes as well as I do. I love this book. It is lovely.

#### III.

I love *Mousie and Rattie* too. "Mousie" and "Rattie" are a mouse and a rat. The mouse runs away, and goes on a ship, which is wrecked. But it gets on a hen-coop, and sleeps, and dreams it is at the bottom of the sea with a beautiful mermaid. Then it goes to shore on a turtle's back, and meets "Rattie," and goes up with him in a balloon. They get on very well, and at last arrive home again. The pictures are very, very nice. I love this book as much as any. The pictures are lovely. I love them.

#### IV.

*The Bulgy Book of Tales* I love. I have read it twice, and shall read it again if I'm spared. [Isn't that a nice childish touch?—AUNT SLOPOVER.] The thing on the cover is the "Pip-Pip Bird." I burst with laughter whenever I think of that funny name. I love this book because the writing and illus—you know the word I mean—are so lovely.

TOTTIE SLOPOVER, AGE 8.

#### Stands Swanage where It Did?

The latest winning Limerick:—

"In a garden near the streams  
Our Nelly sits and dreams  
Of costume skirts  
And Jap-a-rie shirts

At Skinner's where fit and style reign supreme."  
Advt. in "Streatham News."



THE "MULTUM IN PARVO" BILLIARD TABLE FOR USE IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

nothing so good has been done since the immortal Mr. BARRIE invented the dear, delightful, never-to-be-forgotten *Peter Pan*.

For the rest of the notices I have hit upon the happy idea of asking a little girl of my acquaintance to give me her impressions, and this she has done. I print her reviews below. She is only eight, and such a dear little flaxen-haired creature. I wish you could see her. She is so proud to be a real live reviewer and have her opinions in print, and no wonder.

#### I.

I must say that I like fairy books best, and am always glad to read again the stories which I know about, *Cinderella* and *Snow-White*. I wish





*Dejected Traveller.* "I SAY, PAT, DID YOU EVER MAKE AN IDIOT OF YOURSELF ABOUT A WOMAN?"  
*Pat.* "AN IDIOT, IS UT? SURE I'VE MADE MESILF AN INTIRE ABYLUM."

## THE GREAT CHESS MATCH.

### IMPRESSIONS.

[Specially contributed to "Punch" by  
*Sir Kennedy Bart.*]

#### I.

As the men sat down there was silence. The moment had come.

Fronting them lay the issue. And an issue vastly broader and deeper than a personal issue. The checking of whose king was a thing of itself incidental. The supreme fact was that here were two men who were to express the instinct of combat. Of rivalry. The terrible primeval instinct of aggression.

Which has made England what it is.

Rule Britannia.

#### II.

The board is set. The players eyed each other curiously. SMITH was an Anglo-Saxon; spectacled, reserved. A man, you would say, of deep reserve. JONES was a Latin-looking man; quiet, cautious. A thinker. For a while they were silent, considering, doing nothing. And SMITH's hand shot out, and he

moved his king's pawn. But JONES moved *his* king's pawn also.

#### III.

The two pawns were fronting each other. And fronting them lay the issue. An issue vastly deeper and broader than a personal issue. The checking of—

See Section I.

But JONES moved his queen also. He moved his king's pawn, and now he moved his queen. As he moved his queen the watchers held their breath. On and on he moved it. Another square and he would be off the board.

No, he has stopped. Those who were watching were now breathing freely and easily. He has stopped in front of the castle.

The queen in front of her castle! The supreme instinct of defence!

#### IV.

The fourth hour. He has lost his queen. SMITH has lost his queen. But he leads. For he has taken two pawns. And they are at it gloriously again.

Again! Oh, the indomitable instinct. JONES has lost another pawn.

And another. Surely this man has always been losing pawns. Go on! Go on! A bishop! JONES has lost a bishop.

No, it is only another pawn.

#### V.

And things went on, and here was the eighth hour. [And the last section.—Ed.] JONES is done, but he fights on. He has lost another pawn, but he fights on. Good old Englishman. He has a Latin-like face, but he is an Englishman. And he does not know when he is beaten. And he is beaten.

Beaten! But what of that?

No man is really beaten who fights to the end. His defeat is a fine sacrifice offered up to the glorious god of combat.

The instinct of fight. The men of England must never forget that they owe everything to the instinct of fight. JONES is beaten, but he is still an Englishman. So is SMITH.

Rule Britannia.

"1907 CHINESE geese, some laying Gauders."—*FarmandGarden.*  
 There's true enterprise for you.



Blazer (having discharged weapon at a rabbit). "DID I HIT HIM?"

Loader. "No, Sir. NOR ME EITHER!"

### THE HORNPIPE.

I DON'T know who was the one to plan it,  
But fair-haired POLLY  
And brown-haired MOLLIE,  
They shrieked with delight and then began it;  
And I was admitted a little later  
(Sworn to the secret on bell and book  
Before I was ever allowed to look)  
To sit where I liked as a free spectator.

The one was eight and the other six,  
And both were up to no end of tricks.  
Their eyes were glancing,  
Their eyes were dancing,  
Before their feet  
Had moved to the beat  
Of the piano that soon was to set them prancing.

A moment or two they stood, and then  
They folded their arms like sailor-men.  
Their cheeks were glowing, their eyes were wide,  
And they cocked their two little heads aside,  
As sailors have done from age to age,  
At least all sailors who tread the stage.

Then the music sounded,  
And POLLY bounded;  
And MOLL, with a ringing peal of laughter,  
She started in and went bounding after.

In and out  
And round about  
They swung and swayed  
As the music played.

You could fancy you heard the stormy sea,  
As the spray saluted each bold A.B.,  
And the clapping hands of the jolly tars  
Released from the work of sails and spars,  
And their cheers and songs and their briny wit,  
As their two little messmates footed it.

And soon, as the merry notes were jigging,  
They set to work and went up the rigging.

In a short sharp climb—  
But they kept the time—

They gripped the ropes with their sturdy knees,  
And climbed like cats to the high cross-trees;  
And then with never a moment's check  
They landed, stamp, on the sounding deck.

Oh, I doubt if the tale would be believed  
Of the ropes they hauled and the leads they heaved,  
Of the feet they crossed,  
And the hair they tossed,  
And the capturing wiles  
And the sunny smiles

Of this trippety-rippety sailor-pair  
As they twinkled through with their hornpipe there.  
Till at last, when I thought they must have dropped,  
With a rapturous final stamp they stopped.

R. C. L.



## THE STATIONARY CRUSADER.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. "FOLLOW ME!" (or 35,000 words to that effect.)

[See the President's Message to Congress.]







### A SCREW LOOSE.

Owner of Screw (who has taken a toss). "HAVE YOU SEEN A LOOSE HORSE?"

Sweep. "YUSS, THERE'S A 'OSS JUST GONE UP THE LANE."

Owner. "WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?"

Sweep. "LOOK LIKE? WELL, 'E LOOKED LIKE ABOUT FIVE ROB A LEG, I SHOULD SAY."

### PHANTOMS TO LET.

HAUNTED houses (says the *Daily Mirror* of December 5) are in great demand just now, especially with Americans, who have a taste for the historical variety of ghost, and will pay any price demanded for a residence frequented by the shade of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

We do not know whether her late Majesty is capable of emulating BOYLE ROCHE's bird and simultaneously enlivening various demesnes in different parts of the country; nor, bearing in mind her well-known and imperious temper, could we guarantee that she would condescend to oblige the descendants of her Virginian planters. We have, in fact, no influence whatever in that quarter ourselves, and are not at all sure of her present address. The only hope would appear to be that some reliable firm that understands these delicate negotiations should take the matter in hand, and persuade her Majesty to

overlook the little difference of 1776 and to pay a round of country-house visits during the festive season. The Royal terms would be probably high, and considerable tact would be required to bring the affair to a business-like footing; but if due consideration be shown by her American hosts and no "clash dates" booked with MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS we have reason to think that a short and successful series of stimulating Tudor week-ends might be arranged.

This would seem to be a feature of house-letting agency which is capable of great development. At present a satisfactory and accurate register of ghosts is sadly lacking. A County Directory should be forthwith compiled. It might take the form of a *Who's Who* of leading spooks, such as ANNE BOLEYN of Hampton Court, OLD JEFFREY of Epworth, and other celebrities. The rather confusing number of Grey Ladies would thus be differentiated. Telepathic addresses and recreations should in all cases be given where possible.

Some provision could doubtless be made for exchange of incumbencies, as many apparitions must be tired of haunting the same spot and would be glad of a change of scene. The Berkeley Square ghost, for instance, would appreciate a trip to Glamis, and *vice versa*. Eventually, a circulating scheme could be evolved, or spectres taken in *en pension* by the week. We quit this fascinating subject with regret, but hope enough has been indicated for the assistance of Yankee phantom-hunters.

ZIGZAG.

### Unrest in India.

"I am quite satisfied with the wedding-ring and will in future always deal with your firm."  
From an Allahabad jeweller's catalogue.

"The flames were under control an hour after the call to the brigade. They had completed their conquest, and Olympia lay in ruins."—*North Mail*.

This is the cheery British spirit which never knows when it is beaten.

## CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the flight of *La Patrie* a lady forwards to us the capital suggestion that, with a view to preventing airships going astray, each one of them should have its name and address plainly written on its envelope, which should also bear a 2½d. stamp.

A full description of *La Patrie* was published by most of our morning papers. This was, of course, absolutely necessary in view of the crowd of airships which are now about. All of these have been carefully scrutinised by the police.

The state of affairs in Portugal, it now transpires, has been absurdly exaggerated, and we are authorised to deny as a silly *canard* the report that KING CARLOS had escaped from his country last week disguised as a Living Skeleton belonging to a Circus Troupe.

Mr. HALDANE was interviewed by a number of Suffragettes on the occasion of his speech at Manchester on the Territorial Army, and the War Minister is said to have refused quite snappishly their request to be allowed to form a regiment and to bear arms.

What the wild waves said when H.M.S. *Hero* was bombarded off the Kentish Knock:—"Knocked her in the Old Kent Roads."

The fact that many of the City Companies failed to contribute to the fund for the preservation of Crosby Hall is being adversely commented on, and is all the more remarkable considering that the building had been used as an eating-house.

We understand that, in consequence of the disappearance of the portrait of our greatest sea hero from the Guildhall, the Nelson Column is being guarded night and day by detectives in order to prevent the statue on its pinnacle being replaced by that of the late Lord Mayor.

No efforts have been spared to impress our Swazi visitors with the greatness of Great Britain. Last week the chiefs were taken to see *The Christian* at the Lyceum Theatre.

English visitors to New York are cautioned against using paper money just now. A countryman of ours,

who offered an importunate beggar a five-dollar note the other day, hopes to be out of hospital by the end of the month.

More smart journalism! On the 1st inst. an *Express* reporter received a nasty cut on his face at a Socialist meeting at Brockley. On the 3rd inst. our enterprising little contemporary published the first instalment of a serial story entitled "The Man with the Scar."

Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is said to be extremely astonished that the World's Greatest Hair Expert has not been called to give evidence in the "Druce case" in regard to the beard difficulty.

Washerwomen in every quarter of the globe are highly indignant at the fact that Count ERASMUS ERBACH, a wealthy German, has been seized and placed in an asylum by his friends, who declare that his conduct in marrying a washerwoman's daughter proves him insane; and angry cries of "*A Berlin!*" are said to have been raised in more than one laundry.

A bargain-hunting Company Manager is said to have written to Messrs. GAMAGE to enquire whether their Secretary, who was slightly singed in the recent fire, will be included in their Salvage Sale.

Mr. MAX DUFFEK, we are informed by our Argus-eyed Press, has walked on his hands from the top landing to the bottom of the Washington monument in Washington. There is much to be said in favour of this new method of locomotion, and we should not be surprised if it spreads. How convenient, for instance, on a muddy day to be able to arrive, say, at an At Home, with clean boots.

It is officially announced that the construction of the new naval base at Rosyth is to begin at once, and that it will probably be completed by 1915. We presume that arrangements have been made for the postponement of the war of 1910.

Pressure, we hear, is being brought to bear on the Admiralty to induce them to purchase the L.C.C. steamboats now offered for sale, with a view to using them for the protection of such outlying possessions and protectorates as Jamaica and Zanzibar.

The balloon corps officers at Alder-

shot have, we are informed, now selected a number of natural shelters which are to serve as harbours for our war airships in every part of the country. There can, we suppose, be little doubt that we have now the best equipped aerial organisation in the world. The only thing that is lacking is the airships.

We would respectfully draw the attention of the Censor to the following barefaced announcement in *The Express*. After referring to some plays acquired by Miss LENA ASHWELL in America, our contemporary's Green Room correspondent says:—"Among these plays was *The Wooing of Eve* and *Clothes*, by HARTLEY MANNERS. *The Wooing of Eve* remains a possibility, but *Clothes* will not now be seen!" The final italics are ours. Also the note of exclamation.

Mr. BEST, of Aliwal North, Cape Colony, who served in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and the Boer War, has, a newspaper informs us, just been presented, by his second wife, with his thirty-first child. So little, as a rule, is done for our veterans that we are pleased to hear this.

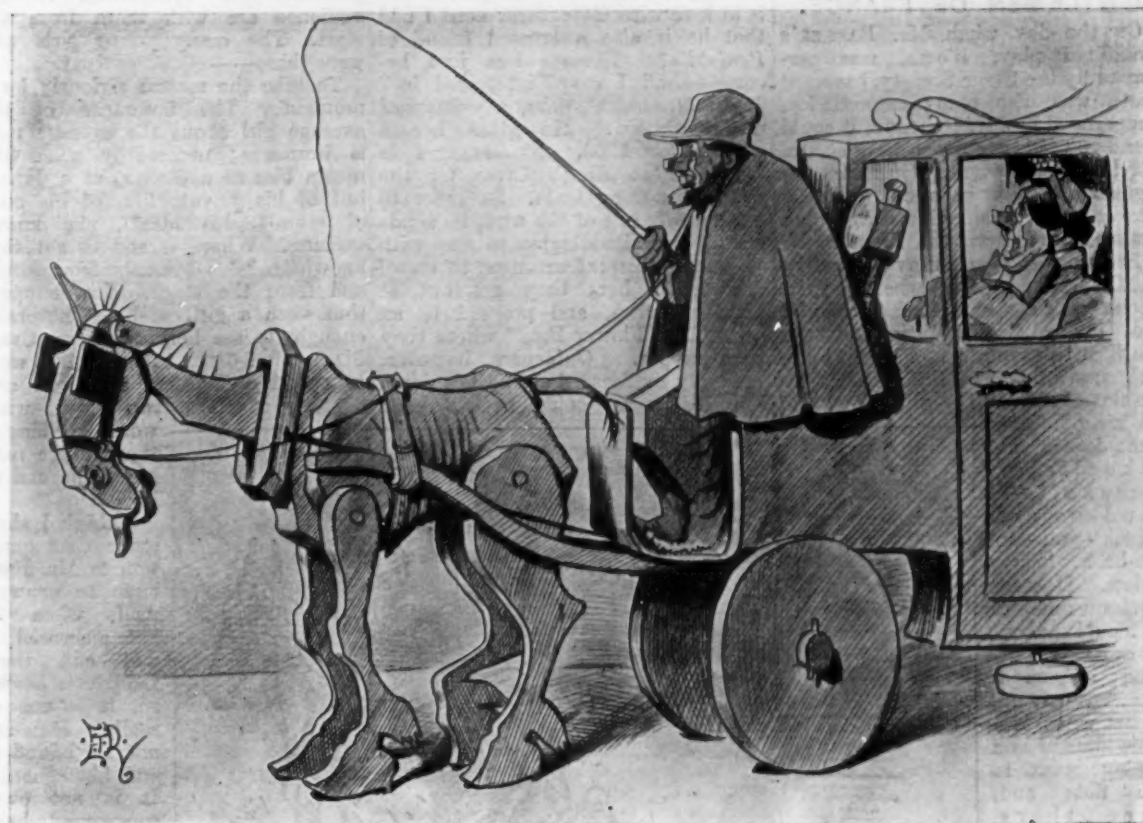
A Boston gentleman has, out of sympathy, married a woman who was knocked down by his motor-car, and had a leg amputated. We believe that if this kind of thing were made obligatory by law we should hear of fewer people being run over.

## WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

Dec. 1.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL receives at his private kraal at Jinja a deputation of Amazons, who are anxious to ascertain whether he is in favour of Woman Suffrage. The Right Hon. gentleman replies that he is in favour of it in the abstract, but that he does not consider that the time is yet ripe for so drastic a concession.

Dec. 2.—Mysterious disappearance of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. The whole length and breadth of Jinja is carefully searched, but all in vain. Consternation is caused by the statement of an aged headman that he has seen a disreputable and suspicious-looking vulture loafing about the place lately. Sudden and fortunate arrival of the two Dianas from Somaliland, disguised in complete male attire as the two Obadiahs, who from their knowledge not only of Africa, but of the sex, affirm that their brawny sisters,





## MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No. I.—THE FOUR-WHEELER.

dissatisfied with Mr. CHURCHILL's ambiguous answer, have carried him off, and are holding him to ransom in the depth of the local Venusberg. Start of the rescuing party, headed by the two Dianas, and including the Mayor, Town Clerk, and Chief Constable of Jinja, two mahallas of Waggaras, brought up in the rear by a pack of Blenheim spaniels and the solicitous vulture, who has completely cleared his character.

Dec. 3.—Arrival of the rescuing party at the court of MISSISPANCA, the Queen of the Amazons, who indignantly denies that there is such a thing as an Under-Secretary for the Colonies about the place. The Chief Constable of Jinja, producing a search-warrant, now sets to work on the premises, assisted by the vulture and the Blenheim spaniels. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL eventually discovered bound hand and foot in a disused ballot-box, awaiting execution. Summary vengeance inflicted on the Amazons by the two Dianas, assisted by the Chief Constable.

MISSISPANCA condemned to read all Mr. ASQUITH's speeches. Defiant war dance by the younger members of the Panca tribe. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL revived by artificial inhalation of oxygen and cambrygen, administered through MISSISPANCA's bicycle-pump.

Dec. 4.—The rescue party sets out on return journey to Jinja. Two Dianas, quarrelling at a crossways, lose the track, and the whole party is engulfed in the depths of the Aruwhimi forest, in the mid-gloom of which they find Mr. GUY THORNE reading to a company of sleeping gorillas from a Braille edition of *When It was Dark*. Alarm of Mr. GUY THORNE, who in his terror changes to a Ranger Gull, is immediately attacked by the vulture and Blenheim spaniels, and takes to the trees.

Dec. 5.—Groping their way through the impenetrable gloom, each led by a Blenheim spaniel, the party come upon the suburbs of the chief city of the Little Pigmies.

Here they are met by a deputation, headed by the local Mr. BALFOUR, whose metaphysics are, it seems, accountable for the blackness of the forest.

Dec. 6.—Attack on the Little Pigmies by the neighbouring tribe, the Whole Hogmas, under the leadership of the local Mr. CHAPLIN.

Dec. 7.—Terrific battle ensues for the body of the local Mr. BALFOUR, during which Mr. CHURCHILL escapes to Frietradia, a neighbouring state, where he can breathe again, and again see the sun.

"As a sweet poet and a very prince of story-tellers I never found the slightest difficulty with Chaucer's English."—C. K. S. in *"The Sphere."*

One wishes that Mr. SHORTER had shown more consideration for our difficulties with his English. Are we to understand that he regards himself as "a sweet poet and a very prince of story-tellers"? This is very unlike his notorious reticence as to his own achievements.

## GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE.

ON the day when Mr. BARKER's prohibited play, *Waste*, was performed by the Stage Society, innocent youth was also being catered for. Chaperoned by Mr. REDFORD, it could spend the afternoon with *Fido* at The Playhouse; the evening (just time for a glass of milk in between) with *The Cuckoo* at the Vaudeville. And both plays adapted from the French.

The story of *Waste* may be read by middle-aged people elsewhere; to the stories of *Fido* and *The Cuckoo* I now invite the attention of the youth of this country. *Fido* was the nickname of James Entwistle. To the flat of James, his wife Alice, and his niece Minnie came James's old schoolfellow, Marshall—a loud-voiced, smack-you-on-the-back, hearty fellow. He tells stories out of school about James's boyhood; disparages him, grown up, to his wife; invites himself as a paying guest to the flat; and, once there, makes himself quite at home—to the extent even of sending James out on errands. In your haste you might think of calling Marshall an impossible bounder; that shows how you misjudge him. Wait!

It appears that he has on hand some half-dozen affairs with the tobacconist's daughter, the girl at the confectioner's, the doctor's wife—Heaven knows whom else. Now he makes love to Alice. He suggests that they should leave James, and go off to the Continent together. He will "make her happy." After a tremendous struggle with herself Alice decides to sacrifice all for him, whereupon he announces that he has just proposed to and been accepted by Minnie. Ha!—an English gentleman, after all!

*The Cuckoo* has an even more wholesome plot; indeed it brings the breath of the country right across the footlights; but there are faults in it, as I shall show. Thomas Penfold is

married to *Guinevere*. Hugh Farrant is in love with *Guinevere*; need I add that he is also a trusted friend of Penfold's? Thomas has just become—shall I say "interested in" Lady Alexandra Parke, a woman of no reputation. He gives her a cheque for £200, and arranges to meet her at King's Cross for the seven-something train. In order to get his wife out of the way, he sends her off from Paddington to stay with an aunt. Farrant arranges to travel down with her; they get out at Maidensbourne, and proceed to an inn, "The Flower Pot," where they have supper. *Guinevere*, however, suddenly realises what she has done. She insists on going back to her

petition; the sympathies of the audience are with them from the start. The many young girls who were there—

To take the matter seriously for a moment. The ignorance of the average girl about the average man is immense; necessarily so. She meets him at a dinner, at a dance; but of his private life, of his code of morals, his ideals, she knows nothing. Where is she to get that knowledge? Obviously from books and from the stage. Now suppose that such a girl, wishing (naturally enough) to see her favourites, CYRIL MAUDE and CHARLES HAWTREY, were to spend a Tuesday afternoon and evening at these two plays, what

would her idea of the average man be at the end of it all?

I think I shall leave that question to Mr. REDFORD to answer. And, when he has answered, I will add that, though it seems so, it is not so really. Men are not all bounders and blackguards. It is not even necessary to have—what are the beautiful words?—to have "knocked about a bit" and "seen life." Really it is not.  
M.

This from *The Bedford Evening News* gives us an



REVENGE! OR, THE CAST SHOE.

husband; luckily they can just catch the last train back. Meanwhile Thomas has missed his lady, and has spent the night in the police-station by mistake. There is just one point more I should mention. *Guinevere*, guessing something of the truth of Thomas's escapade, hints that she will divorce him and "marry the man she loves." Whereupon Farrant, looking extremely uncomfortable, hopes she will do nothing of the sort.

The mistake of the author lies in making Hugh and Thomas too perfect—too much the Admirable Crichton. That they are fine manly fellows is surely obvious from what I have said. It is quite unnecessary for Hugh to save a drowning man's life, and Thomas to win a Limerick com-

idea of the "committee of independent experts" at work:—

"One very good punning line was:—

"He 'Heard' 'Ward' 'Wood' get his cap 'all right,'"

but sufficient care had not been taken to avoid repetition, and the line reads badly, besides being out of meter, which, however, would not have mattered if it had read smoothly."

"Mr. F. Leverton Harris is a descendant of a well-known Hampshire family, and is on the threshold of his forty-third birthday. His scholastic career was eminently successful, a Winchester and Gonville education being finished at Caius College, Cambridge. At the age of 19 he took his degree, with honours, in natural science, and four years later his Alma Mater."—*East End News*.

Nothing, we note, is said as to where he took this lady to.





## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I READ the other day in a morning paper of high renown a review of Mr. WALTER JERROLD's *Thomas Hood* (ALSTON RIVERS), in which the subject of the memoir was hilariously hailed as "Tom" Hood, slapped on the back in friendly appreciation of his work, and assured that the world would not soon forget his verse about the ill-requited sempstress. And indeed the fame of "The Song of the Shirt," which first saw light in the sympathetic pages of Mr. Punch, is not wholly hid. Of course "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which some of us have heard HENRY IRVING recite, are of themselves sufficient to establish for their author a high place in literature. Throughout his short life—he died in his forty-sixth year—Hood was handicapped by two grievous weights. He was always poor, and was nearly always ill. He fought both giants, sickness and poverty, with indomitable courage and unflagging good humour. He turned out an immense amount of work, which should have meant something more than mere competency. But he fell into evil hands, and twice was robbed by BARABBAS, who sixty years ago was a publisher. Being unable to meet his liabilities, and declining to avail himself of the sponge provided by the Bankruptcy Court, he, emulous of WALTER SCOTT's example in similar circumstances, settled down in Coblenz, and, sick at heart, worn out in body, made jokes at a pace that promised to clear his slate.

He was at his best with children, being in truth to the end himself a lovable child. Nothing in his printed works is more delightful than the four letters, written less than a year before his death, to the children of a friend spending a summer holiday at Sandgate. "Childhood," he wrote to one, "is such a joyous, merry time I often wish I was two or three children; and wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees?" WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, not given to saying smooth things, summed up his character in a line: "The witty and the tender Hood." Mr. JERROLD is to be thanked for reviving old memories and adding something fresh.

The bringing of pictures to life is not, of course, a very new idea. There was *Ruddigore*, and there was a famous poster of a certain whiskey brand. But PAMELA TENNANT has the good fortune to live with a wonderful family of great masters—REYNOLDS and RAE BURN, HOGARTH and HOPFNER, ROMNEY and GAINSBOROUGH—and she has come to know her gallery of portraits with a very personal intimacy. In *The Children and the Pictures* (HEINEMANN) she makes them step out of their frames o' nights, and mix with the little people of the house in dreamland, and tell them tales whose scenes are laid in the neighbouring landscapes of MORLAND and NASMYTH. The book is full of the charming fancies of a pretty mind, and the only faults I have to find with it are that some of the tales, such as that of "The House of Dalliance," are a little too difficult, and that the simplicity of its general tone is spoilt here and there by words or phrases well outside a child's vocabulary. Here, for instance, is a passage that illustrates the curious mixture of styles: "When Dr. JOHNSON spoke, you wondered if there could be anything more to be said on that subject, ever again, by anybody. [So far, good; and then this paralysing sentence—] There dwelt the apotheosis of the *punkt finale* in his speech." I

hope Lady TENNANT may be forgiven for this by her own and her friends' children, for whom her book must have been originally designed as a labour of love. Other people's children will bless her not only for her delightful stories, but for the one-and-twenty coloured reproductions—and more beautiful work, in its kind, I have never seen—of the very pictures, else unknown to them, round which her book is written.

*The Furnace*, Miss MACAULAY's second

(If I'm not mistaken) book,  
Reveals that glow which can't be beckoned,  
Coaxed, or lured by hook or crook;  
Such a flame there's no provoking  
Into life with clumsy poking—  
Nothing short of expert stoking  
Brings its warm reposeful look.

The story gives a demonstration,  
Psychologically true,  
Of how an old-born inclination  
Seldom truckles to a new;  
Some external joy or worry  
May create a nine-days' flurry,  
But revulsion's certain. MURRAY  
Brings it out. It ought to do.

When two men collaborate to write a novel, one of them, said STEVENSON, has to be the boss. When an author and an artist combine to produce a travel book, I suppose in nine cases out of ten the author considers it to be entirely his work. "Look here," he says to the artist, "I want to describe a motor tour in Spain. Just come with me and draw some pictures for it." Now and then, perhaps, the artist is so extremely important that he can say to the author: "Oh, by the way, I am making some sketches of Spanish life. I thought, if you didn't mind, I'd just take you with me to do some words." But in the case of Mr. OWEN LLEWELLYN and Mr. RAVEN HILL, they must suddenly have rushed into each other's arms with the cry, "Let's do a book." *The South Bound Car* (METHUEN), a delightful record of a delightful tour, is the result. I would call the illustrations inimitable, had not the word by frequent use become meaningless. But it is a fact that there is nobody living who can touch Mr. RAVEN HILL in his own line. Mr. LLEWELLYN is very amusing, but he is inclined to be too funny. After a while it is difficult for him to say anything straightforwardly. But he has great moments, and there is always Mr. RAVEN HILL at his side to keep him up to the mark.

With what particular club Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON wrote his latest book, *Nature's Moods and Tenses* (SMITH, ELDER), he does not say; but it was a pretty hefty one. The only thing we can say about the book is that it almost needs a caddie to carry it; but that is fashionable now, in spite of the excellent light paper on which books can be printed and are printed by some publishers. If anyone thinks from the foregoing remarks that *Nature's Moods and Tenses* is a golfing book he will be wrong. It is a collection of essays on open-air subjects, genial and informing, and country-gentlemanly in the highest degree. Full measure is given too, and indeed the observer of the phenomena of the fields and woods could not have a more agreeable guide than the golfing sage of Ashdown Forest.

LITERARY NOTE.—A French edition of *Father and Son* is in preparation to be entitled *Père et Gosse*.